Daily Eagle

LOVE IN CHURCH.

The souls of all were sad in solemn prayer,
Owning the mercy of their Lord divine;
While in his holy presence so benign,
The tribute that was due they offered there.
My heart till then was free from every care,
Till then my fate had traced an equal line,
When lo! some eyes, too high and pure for mine,
Assaulted all my reason, unaware.
The novel vision struck me wholly blind;
From strangeness sprang the magic charm displayed
By that soft presence, all angelical.
And can I no alleviation find?
Oh! why in births hath Human Nature made
Difference so great, and we her children all!
—From the Portuguese of Camoens.

A DESPERATE FIGHT.

In the year of 1846, Siecinski, Bogdaszewski and I, with three Russian soldiers who guarded us, occupied a small shed near the great distilleries of Ekaterininski-Zovod, in northern Siberia.

We were Polish nobles and Polish patriots, and had each passed separately the trial and imprisonment in irons which had followed our participation in the conspiracy of 1840-1. Siecinski and Bogdaszewski preceded me to Siberia, and there, alas! I left them.

I pass over the first five years of my exile, with its toils and trials, and will merely observe that the permission to build and occupy a dwelling apart had been granted to my two friends and myself as a reward for diligence and good conduct.

Our three guards never left us by day or night, but they drew apart during the long evenings, and either slept or feigned to do so, while we talked together of our beloved country and the irrevocable past.

Of one subject, and that the one probably most constantly in our minds, we never spoke at all. No one of us whispered the word "escape," and I do not yet know whether my two friends have succeeded in doing so or not. But this I know, that if still in captivity they ponder through all the hours of every day the exile's problem, when and how to escape! Alas! how many die without solving it! From the moment of my arrest I had resolved upon flight, and a knowledge of the terrible punishments inflicted by the Russian government, not only upon fugitives, but upon all who aid a fugitive, had induced me to determine to take no one into my confidence.

My occupation during the last four years of my imprisonment had been that of corresponding clerk in the Bureau of the Distilleries, and I had in that way been brought in contact with merchants and peasants from all parts of Siberia, and had acquired a very thorough knowledge of the geography of the country, of its customs and its inhabitants. In the latter part of the year 1845 I had made three attempts to escape, which, fortunately for me, remained undiscovered and unsuspected.

These failures were, however, of use to me, since in consequence of them I was induced to try the route which proved the way to freedom. The choice of a route is of the greatest consequence to a fugitive when beginning his perilous journey. The high road from Siberia to the center of Russia is the one oftenest taken, because the most direct and the easiest. But for this very reason it is incomparably the most dangerous. The surveillance there exercised by the government is one of unceasing vigilance, and it is ably seconded by the inhabitants, whose zeal and rapacity are continually on the alert. The Tartars have a saying with regard to the fugitives from Siberia, "If you kill a squirrel you have but his single skin, but if you kill a 'carnak'" (a term of contempt applied to prisoners), "you have three—his clothes, his shirt and himself" (the reward for giving up the man to justice). Five other roads remained, all less dangerous than the one above alluded to, but far more difficult and wearisome. I decided to go northward, across the Oural mountains and the steppes of Petchara and Archangel to Archangel, a route which was not only the least used, but had also the immense advantage of being the shortest, for, once at Archangel, I hoped to be able to escape in one of the many foreign ships always to be found in that port.

I had for many months been accumulating one by one, with great secrecy and no small difficulty, the articles indispensable to my flight.

First among these was a passport. The Siberian peasant is fond of traveling, and the law requires him to be provided with two passports, one for small distances, that is, from village to village, and another, sealed with the imperial arms, and bearing the government stamp.

I succeeded in fabricating the one and the other. I also procured a Siberian wig, that is to say, the hood called wig worn by all peasants in Siberia. It is made of sheep's hide, the wool turned inward, and covers the forehead down to the eyes, and comes well forward over the cheeks, making—for any one not in the habit of wearing it—a disguise almost as complete as a mask and domino. I had also succeeded in procuring a peasant's costume, and had accumulated the sum of 180 rubles (about 200 francs)—a small sum for such a long journey, and destined to be diminished still further by a fatal accident.

On the night of the 8th of February, 1846, I crept out of the hut while my companions were sleeping. My enterprise was a desperate one at any time, and I had selected this month because of the great yearly fair at Irbit, which attracted a vast crowd of people from all parts of Siberia, among whom I hoped to pass unperceived. I wore three shirts; the outer one hung over my heavy pantaloons of Russian cloth, and my peasant's waistcoat and "armiak" (a short burnoose of sheepskin soaked in tallow) were bound round my waist with a red, black and white woolen sash. Long boots of tarred rawhide met the edge of the "armiak," and on my wig I wore the round cap of red velvet, bordered with fur, which every Siberian peasant sports on fete days. An enormous furred pelisse, the collar of which was turned up and tied round my neck with a handkerchief, furred gloves and a heavy stick completed my accouterment. In the leg of my right boot I had a poniard, my money was in my waistcoat, and I carried a bag containing a pair of pantaloons of blue linen, a shirt and a pair of boots, as well as some bread and dried fish.

I slipped noiselessly out of the hut and crept round a crossway in order not to gain the high road immediately.

It was freezing hard and bitter cold; the bright moonlight glittered on the snow. I soon crossed the frozen Irtisch, and walked at a rapid pace along the high road, reflecting that the nights in Siberia were long, and calculating how far I could go before daylight, when my flight must inevitably be discovered. Suddenly I heard far behind me the noise of a sledge advancing at full speed. I shuddered, but nevertheless resolved to hail it when it passed m. I was saved that trouble.

"Where are you going?" said the peasant who drove the sledge, coming to a dead halt beside me,

"To Tara."

"And where do you come from?"

"From the village of Zalininia."

"Give me 60 kopeks" (10 cents), "and I will take you to Tara, where I am going myself."

"No, it is too dear; fifty kopeks" (8 cents), "if you like."

"Very well; get in, quick!"

I did so and the horses set off at a tearing gallop. The road was smooth as a polished floor, the cold stinging; in half an hour we were at Tara. The peasant left me in the street and drove off. I approached the window of the inn, and shouted in a loud voice, after the Russian fashion:

"Are there horses?"

"Where to go?" responded a sleepy voice from the interior.

"To the fair at Irbit."

"There are horses."

"A pair?"

"Yes, a pair."

"How much the verst?"

"Eight kopeks."

"I cannot give so much: six kopeks?"

"Too little—but—you can have them."

In a few minutes the horses were ready and harnessed to the sledge.

"Where do you come from?" said the landlord, as I took my place in the sledge.

"From Tomsk; I am the clerk of the Messrs. N——. My master has gone on to the fair, and I am very late; he will be angry; and if you reach there in time, I will give you a pourboire."

"The peasant whistled to his horses, and they set off at full speed. Suddenly the sky clouded over, the snow began to fall, the wind rose; we were in a whirlwind of light, fine snow. My peasant lost his way, and then lost heart, and confessed that he had done so. I will not attempt to describe the terrible agony of that night passed in a sledge, not twelve miles from Ekaterininski-Zovod, in the midst of a tempest of snow.

At last day began to break.

"Let us return to Tara," I said; "I will engage some one who knows the road, and you shall be given up to the police for having made me lose so much time."

But by daylight my conductor recovered himself, and found the road. From that moment he made every effort to make up for the time already lost, and drove with lightning speed. But I was not satisfied. What fugitive ever is so? A horrible thought haunted me. I remembered the fate of our poor Col. Wysocki, who, after having been delayed for a night in the forest by his guide, was delivered in the morning to the gendarmes. Was I to be so treated? and I grasped my poniard. Vain fears! unjust suspicions! My peasant drove me to an inn, where I drank some tea and changed horses. In this way I drove on all through that day and far into the night, where, at my last halting place, the village of Soldatskaia, I was, while drinking tea in a crowded cabaret, robbed of forty rubles in paper (about eighty francs) and of the envelope in which they were contained, which, alas! also contained a list of the villages through which I had to pass on my journey to Archangel, and also my passport.

One thing sustained me in the face of this terrible loss, and that was the utter impossibility of doing anything but go on. I continued my journey, therefore, and on the third day of my flight found myself at the gates of Irbit, and a thousand kilometers from Ekaterininski-Zovod. "Halt! and show your passport!" exclaimed the guard at the city gate. Fortunately for me, he added in a whisper, "Give me ten kopeks, and be off with you."

I hastened to comply with his demand, and soon after found myself in a crowded inn of the poorest class and among a swarm of peasants from all parts of Siberia. I announced that I had left my passport with the authorities, and the next morning after breakfast I slipped out, avowedly to get it and show it to the landlord, but really for the purpose of leaving Irbit, which I did at once, and unchallenged, by the northern gate. During the night, while apparently asleep, I had reviewed my resources, and had come to the conclusion that I could no longer proceed in sledges nor sleep in even the poorest inns, but must husband to the utmost the 125 francs which remained. I walked therefore all through the day, from time to time munching the frozen bread and dried fish which I carried in my bag, and quenching my thirst at the holes cut by the peasants in the ice for the purpose of watering their cattle. When night began to draw in I resolved to prepare an Ostiak burrow to sleep in.

Where the snow is deep and dry it is not by any means impossible to sleep warmly in the very heart of a forest, provided always that one knows how to prepare an Ostiak burrow. This is done by hollowing a sort of horizontal cave in the snow. Into this the Ostiaks creep, and after piling up the snow at the entrance of the burrow, so as to exclude the cold air, they lie down and sleep in perfect security and warmth. I succeeded perfectly in preparing my Ostiak bed, but I was imprudent enough to cover myself with the furred side of my pelisse turned inward, and slept so warmly in consequence that the snow melted at the door of my burrow and let in the cold air, so that I awoke at daybreak with my feet almost frozen, and had to rise and begin my journey at once. It was a terrible day. The work of toiling through the snow was hard enough, but toward noon rose the terrible icy wind of Siberia, which drove in my face with blinding force, and whirled masses of dry light snow before it. Still I toiled on. The short day was closing in when I had to confess to myself that I must rest or die. Fortunately I was near a small solitary hut, and I knocked at the door. It was at once opened by a young woman, who motioned me to enter. I saluted her and her mother in the Russian fashion, and in reply to the usual inquiry where I was going, and "where the good God was leading me," I answered that I was a workman from the government of Tobolsk, and was going north to the iron foundries of Bohotsk. The woman gave me a hot supper, and I had the infinite relief of being able to take off and dry my clothes. I then stretched myself on a bench and fell asleep, with an indescribable sensation of relief and contentment. I thought that I had neglected no precaution, nevertheless the women began to suspect me. I had four shirts—too great luxury for a Siberian. I was sinking into a deep sleep when I was awakened by a rude grasp on my shoulder, and saw myself surrounded by four peasants, who demanded my passport.

"And what right have you to demand my passport?" I exclaimed, in feigned anger. "Is one of you a government officer?"

"None of us, it is true, but we are at home."

"Is that true?" I asked, turning to the old peasant woman.

"Yes; they are from this village."

"Well, then," I replied, "I will tell you that my name is Lavrenti Kouzmine, from the government of Tobolsk, and that I am going to Bohotsk to seek work."

"Forgive us, little father," responded the peasants. "We are excusable, you see, for there are often escaped convicts about."

The rest of the night passed comfortably and quietly, but the next morning I breakfasted and bade farewell to the women, with the melancholy certainty of passing my nights in future in the heart of the forest. The demand for a passport had shown me how dangerous it was for me to frequent the haunts of men. For many a night afterward, therefore, the Ostiak burrow was my sole refuge, and I became so accustomed to it that at close of day I entered the forest as if it were a well known hostelry.

From the 15th or 16th of February to the first week in April I journeyed northward, only thrice venturing to seek shelter in a house. I suffered much. The absence of all civilized comforts, and especially of hot food, a privation more difficult to bear than any other on such a long, cold journey, almost brought me to the grave. Then, too, I had constantly to struggle against that disposition to sleep which is death in such a case as mine.

It was at Paouda, high up in the Oural mountains, that I slept in a house for the second time after leaving Irbit. I was passing late at night through a village, when a voice from one of the izbas (huts) called out:

"Who goes there?"

"A traveler."

"Are you going far?"

"Oh, very far."

"Well, if you choose, come in and sleep in our house."

"May the good God reward you!" I exclaimed as I entered the door. "But shall I not be a trouble to you?"

"How should you trouble us? We are not yet in bed. Come in."

My two good, kind hosts—an old peasant and his wife—gave me a meager supper, which was to me a feast. In the morning I breakfasted with them, and for my food and bed they refused any recompense. As I prepared to leave them the old man said: "A little beyond Paoudo you will find a corps de garde, who will look at your papers and give you all information about your journey."

I was, of course, very careful to avoid the corps de garde, and journeyed on as before, buying my provisions at the izbas during the day, but sleeping in the forest at night.

I reached the summit of the Oural mountains on a clear, calm night in March. The moon was at the full, and lit up a landscape at once magnificent and strange, where gigantic rocks and trees cast their shadows on a vast expanse of snow. A silence profound and solemn reigned over all. Every now and then a hard metallic ring was audible. It was the snapping of the stones caused by the intense cold. A few days afterward I passed through Solikamsk, and went on over the steppe of Petchara toward Veliki Oustioug. The journey was always the same, the same vast snow covered plains, the same deep forests, the same icy winds, and for me always my toilsome march, my Ostiak burrow, and now and then a less meager repast in an izbouchka (a sort of peasant inn).

These izbouchkas were my greatest temptation. I dared not think of sleeping in them. But a little hot soup! How ardently I longed to stop and buy some, and eat it in a warm room! I could not venture to do this often, and one night when, after losing my way in a whirlwind of snow, I found myself without bread, and racked by acute pain as well as hunger, I writhed in my burrow and prayed for death. When morning broke I found that I could not walk. After several attempts I sank unconscious on the snow How long I lay there I do not know. I was aroused by a loud voice. A stranger stood beside me, who inquired what I was doing in the forest.

I answered that I had lost my way; that I was from Tchordine, and was making a pilgrimage to the monastery of Solovetsk, but that I was dying of hunger.

"It is not surprising that you should have lost your way in such a storm," answered the man. "I do so often, though I am from this district, and know the forest well. Now taste that."

So saying, he held a bottle to my mouth, and I drank. It contained some excellent brandy, which revived me at once, but at the same time burned so terribly that I fell on the snow in convulsions. My good friend soothed me, and gave me some bread and dried fish, which I devoured eagerly. We then sat down at the foot of a tree, and my companion explained that he was a trapper, and was now on his way home with the game which he had caught. He added that he would remain with me until I felt calmer and stronger, and would then conduct me to the nearest izbouchka.

"I thank you with all my heart. May the good God reward you!"

"Eh! for what then?" he answered, kindly. "We are Christians."

He afterward supported me to the door of the izbouchka, where he bade me farewell, recommending me to God.

An immense relief was mine as I crossed the threshold of the izbouchka, but I had scarcely done so when I fell senseless on the floor. I recovered in half an hour and asked for some warm soup, but I could not swallow it. I fell asleep on a bench at midday, and never stirred for twenty-four hours, when I was wakened by my host, who was anxious. He was an honest man, and his kindness and sympathy redoubled when he learned that I was making a pious pilgrimage to the monastery of Solovetsk. He begged me to stay several days, but I dared not do so, and on the following morning I resumed my journey. I reached the gates of Veliki-Oustioug on the 11th of April, and there in my role of pilgrim lodged in a humble inn with many others, all bound for the monastery of Solovetsk.

At Veliki-Oustioug we were all obliged to remain for a month in order to await the thawing of the Dvina. The month over, I agreed, as did many other pilgrims, to row in a boat going to Archangel. Each of us received 15 rubles We reached Archangel in a fortnight, and most of my companions pressed on to the monastery. I pretended fatigue, and for several days I haunted the quays in the hope of discovering a French vessel. Alas! not one was in port, and on the deck of every vessel, Russian and foreign, paced a Russian soldier, armed to the teeth. This precaution is taken in order to prevent the escape of exiles by way of Archangel. After a week passed in this manner I became aware that I was watched, and I decided most reluctantly to abandon the hope which had hitherto sustained me, that of escaping from the port of Archangel. I, therefore, in order to disarm suspicion, took the road to Solovetsk. I had not then decided what to do, but as I journeyed on I came to the conclusion that the safest plan would be for me to make the pilgrim journey, as it is called; that is, to go from Solovetsk to Onega, and thence to the shrines of Novgorod and Kiew. The pilgrim disguise had hitherto served me well, and it continued to do so.

I never reached Solovetsk, but took boat at Vytegra (opposite Solovetsk) for St. Petersburg. I with several other pilgrims was engaged to row, and as we were paid fairly well, I arrived at St. Petersburg with nearly sixty rubles in my pocket.

I had now come to the most difficult point of my flight, which seemed more desperate than ever. Still in my pilgrim disguise, I took my modest lodging, and was greatly relieved when my landlady (a washerwoman) advised me not to go to the police office with my passport, because she would be obliged to accompany me, and would, therefore, lose much precious time.

I left St. Petersburg on the afternoon of the next day in a boat bound for Riga, and thence walked on through Courland and Lithuania, and passed the Prussian frontier in safety. I had changed my disguise, and when obliged to explain myself, said that I was a dealer in pig skins. I thus succeeded without difficulty of any kind in getting as far as Koenigsburg, but there, on the eve of my departure for Posen, I was arrested and imprisoned as "not being able to give an account of myself."

I passed a month in prison, a prey to torturing anxiety, and then—nothing having been proved against me—I was released and ordered to quit Koenigsburg immediately. I had found an opportunity to confess my identity to a French gentleman living in the neighborhood, and to his generous assistance, and to that of some of the inhabitants of Koenigsburg whom he had interested in my story, I owed the means of traveling so rapidly that I soon crossed the French frontier. On the 23d of September, eight months after leaving Ekaterininski-Zovod, I saw before me the lights of Paris. My desperate flight was accomplished! God in his mercy had brought me to a safe haven. I write these lines far from the scene of my dreary exile, far, alas! from the brave compatriots who suffered with me. Some, I know, are no longer among the living, others still languish in captivity. May God have mercy alike upon the living and the dead!—From the Polish by Mrs. Launt Thompson, in Harper's Bazar.

Sam's Poetical Effort.

Sam's teacher, upon dismissing school Friday afternoon, requested each one of her pupils to bring Monday morning one or more verses of original poetry as a composition. Now, Sam could easily have cut up a cord of wood or ridden an unbroken colt, but to compose poetry was beyond him. He tried unsuccessfully all day Saturday and Sunday. Late Sunday afternoon, worn and miserable, he strolled down to the river side, seeking inspiration. There he saw a half sunken flatboat. The divine afflatus came and Monday morning he appeared at school and triumphantly presented his teacher the following couplet:

A boat went down into the water;
It went down deeper than it oughter.
—Exchange.

STORIES OF THE STAGE.

One of the Late Lester Wallack's Interesting "Memories."

After Garrick had brought in a great deal of wise reform in the way of dress there was a lull again, and no one dared to do anything new. Many generations later my father was cast for the part of Tressel in Cibber's version of "Richard III." Tressel is the youthful messenger who conveys to King Henry VI the news of the murder of his son after the battle of Tewksbury.

My father, a young, ambitious actor, came on with the feather hanging from his cap, all wet, his hair disheveled, one boot torn nearly off, one spur broken, the other gone entirely, his gauntlet stained with blood and his sword snapped in twain, at which old Wewitzer, who was the manager, and had been a manager before my father was born, was perfectly shocked. It was too late to do anything then, but the next morning Wewitzer sent for him to come to his office, and addressed him thus: "Young man, how do you ever hope to get on in your profession by deliberately breaking all precedent? What will become of the profession if mere boys are allowed to take these liberties? Why, sir, you should have entered in a suit of decent black, with silk stockings on and with a white handkerchief in your hand." "What! after defeat and flight from battle?" interrupted my father. "That had nothing at all to do with it," was the reply. "The proprieties, sir, the proprieties!"—Scribner's Magazine.

An eastern woman to save gas partly clogs the burners in her boarders' rooms with asbestos.